

Skrekkur NÃ³tt

by Winspirational

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless

Pairings: Astrid/Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-05-22 02:52:48

Updated: 2014-06-24 20:45:49

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:49:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 6,198

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Hiccup and the gang decide to search for a mysterious dragon, only known to legend, they meet unexpected consequences. Can every become accustomed after the events of Skrekkur NÃ³tt? (Rated T just to be safe, lol). [STORY IS ON INDEFINITE HIATUS, SORRY!]

1. The Skrekkur NÃ³tt Legend

****Author's Note:** This is my first HTTYD, so if you enjoy, let me know and I may release further chapters if I grab enough people's interest! :)**

It was a seemingly normal day, on the seemingly normal island of Berk, where the seemingly normal village folk carried out their seemingly normal routines. A day like any other, to the normal observer. Except when a certain group of six would come together to embark on an adventure that would lead to the most unexpected of circumstances.

It all started with an argument between two twins and an impatient dragon trainer with a headache.

"THEY LIKE ATLANTIC COD BETTER!"

"NOOOO, THEY LIKE ICELANDIC TROUT BETTER!"

"NUH-UH, COD!"

"NO, YOU'RE WRONG. TROUT!"

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were once again having another family feud, when they were supposed to be paying attention to dragon training information, while Hiccup was halfway through an explanation about why to never approach a dragon from behind. To Hiccup, it seemed that

their constant quibbling never ended. When it eventually did, it was resolved by one of the twins clubbing the other with the nearest weapon at hand (if no weapons were present, the fists sufficed).

The fact that Ruffnut and Tuffnut were arguing about their dragon Barf and Belch's liking to certain fish didn't really improve the quality of their conversation.

"THEY MOST DEFINITELY LIKE COD, AND I'M GONNA PROVE IT!" Tuffnut shouted.

"OH YEAH, HOW YOU GONNA DO THAT?" replied Ruffnut, still shouting.

Trying to put a quick end to their bickering, Hiccup halted his explanation and turned to the twins.

"Well, maybe you could lay out a pile of cod and a pile of trout and see which pile is eaten the quickest," Hiccup suggested, feigning a helpful smile.

"Hehe, nah," Tuffnut continued. "I was thinking of us hitting each other in the face with fish, and seeing who passes out first. The person who goes out cold, is clearly wrong!" Tuffnut began to chortle, excited to carry out his 'ingenious' plan.

"Ugh, you guys are completely impossible sometimes!" Hiccup groaned and threw his arms up into the air with exasperation.

Astrid watched Hiccup from slightly further across the academy, pitying his mostly futile efforts to prevent the twins from arguing and/or hitting each other with fish.

She walked over next to where Hiccup was standing, ready to try and grab the attention of Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

"Hey guys, have you heard that story aboutâ€¦" Astrid tailed off near the end of the sentence, as a deliberate ploy. She knew that Ruffnut and Tuffnut couldn't resist a good story. The twins almost immediately stopped their quarrel and turned to face Astrid.

"Ooh ooh ooh! About what?" the twins squealed in excitement, almost in unison. Astrid smirked to herself slightly. "Child's play," she thought.

"Yeahâ€¦ The one about the dragon that's supposed to appear in the deepest, darkest, most dangerous depths of the Berk forest, in the dead of night!" Astrid finished, with a devious grin on her face. Snotlout, who was pouting at his reflection in a rusted mirror, and Fishlegs, who was thumbing through a copy of The Book of Dragons, began to pay attention to the sudden beginnings of Astrid's story.

"Actually, I think I've heard of this one," said Hiccup, mentally deciding to abandon his lesson for the day. "It's supposed to appear on Skrekkur NÃ³tt, right?"

"Skrekkur whatâ€¦?" Snotlout looked puzzled.

"It's the traditional name for the one day of the year that evil

spirits and ghastly ghouls flock to Berk for the ultimate gathering of the beings of the underworld," Fishlegs piped up, excitement creeping into his speech. "Scare Night!"

"Pshâ€| lame!" Tuffnut cried, "That's just supposed to be some stupid story to scare little kids, so they don't go running around at night. Even _I _know that, and umâ€| I'm not exactly, wellâ€| y'know."

"Intelligent?" Astrid giggled.

"Shut up, it's totally real!" Fishlegs retorted, shaking his fists angrily at Tuffnut. "There's too many people that claim to have seen it for it not to be!"

"Anywayâ€|" Astrid was tapping her foot impatiently against the ground. "Shall I continue my story?"

"Well, of course you may, m'lady," Snotlout purred, batting his eyelashes at Astrid in a pathetic attempt at flirtation. Hiccup and Astrid both glared at Snotlout, who quickly resumed a normal facial expression.

"The dragon is supposed to be cloaked in a veil of mystery; no mortal has ever seen the beast in its true form. Only brief glimpses of its shadow have been seen by Berkians. It dwells in the deepest, darkest, most dangerous depths of the Berk forest, and those who may choose to seek it out must not be faint-hearted."

"Ooh, this next part gives me goose bumps!" Fishlegs interrupted, hopping from foot to foot, his hands clasped together.

"If the beast detects even a shred of weakness in your spiritâ€|" Astrid paused for dramatic effect. "It will drag you to the fieriest pits of Hel, never to be seen again!"

Fishlegs gasped. Snotlout looked at Fishlegs with slight derision. The twins sat staring into space, their eyes glazed over, captivated by Astrid's storytelling. Hiccup gave a small round of applause and Astrid did a mock courtesy in response.

"Well, that pretty much wraps up today's session," Hiccup smiled at Astrid, not minding at all that she changed the topic of conversation. "Any questions?" Not that anyone would have any, but he thought he might as well ask.

"CAN WE GO LOOKING FOR THE MYSTERY DRAGON ON SCARE NIGHT?! THAT STORY WAS AWESOME, YEAH!" Tuffnut punched the air above him in a joyous leap.

"I thought you were the one that said Scare Night was just for big babies!" Ruffnut taunted. Tuffnut glowered and turned to face his sister for yet another argument. Even though Astrid has successfully averted one familial argument, she had led them straight into another one. To Hiccup and Astrid, it seemed that Ruffnut and Tuffnut would always be Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

"Y'know, going after this mystery dragon doesn't actually seem like a bad idea," Astrid began to mull over the story she had told in her head. "I mean, the story's probably not true or anything, but it

could be fun just hanging out with the group. We could make an event out of it!" Astrid had a childlike gleam in her big blue eyes.

"Sure, why not?" Hiccup jumped in, ready to support Astrid's case. "After all, Scare Fest is only a few days away, and things have been pretty calm in Berk lately. We might actually have some free time for once."

"Well, I am definitely in!" Fishlegs planted his foot on the ground, affirming his decision.

"Wherever Tuffnut goes I usually go too, so I'm in," Ruffnut nudged her brother. Tuffnut merely grunted.

Everyone at the academy turned expectantly towards Snotlout, who had resumed his one man pouting contest into his mirror.

"Huh?" Snotlout looked at the group, dumbfounded for a moment. "Oh right yeah, whatever. Finding the mysterious dragon and stuff, the whole group hanging out, sure." Snotlout finished, in an uncaring tone.

"It's settled then," Hiccup made sure the group were all listening (particularly the twins). "We meet back here, three days from now, at sunset. Bring your dragons an-"

"Wait, Hiccup," Fishlegs looked as if he remembered something that he'd previously forgotten. "If we're doing this according to the legend, we won't be able to bring our dragons."

"Why's that?" Hiccup furrowed his brow in unease.

"The legend dictates that if a group seeks out the mystery dragon, the group can only contain a maximum of 'six mortal beings'," Fishlegs explained glumly.

"So if all six of us show up, then none of our dragons can come with us?" Astrid grimaced. The idea of wandering Berk forest in search of a potentially very dangerous creature without their reptilian companions was rather daunting.

"Okay, well how about we arm ourselves, enter the forest as planned, but if there's any signs of danger, we retreat back to the village. We just want to get a quick look at the dragon and move out. Does that sound good?"

The rest of the group mumbled a reluctant approval for Hiccup's final decision. Toothless nuzzled his face softly against Hiccup's cheek, making a sad cooing sound.

"I know bud; I dislike it just as much as you do, but if we're following the legend by the book we don't have any other choice," Hiccup patted Toothless' head gently. "You can have some extra fish when we get back, so smile, okay?" Hiccup smiled, looking directly at Toothless, and the dragon returned the gesture with his signature goofy grin.

"It'll be fine, as long as we're sensible and cautious," Hiccup said, directing his speech to the group again.

Hiccup and the others slowly filed out of the academy, the conversation in the group slowly dissolving into small talk.

"I bet the mystery dragon likes cod more than trout," Tuffnut grumbled as the academy's gate slowly closed behind them.

****Author's Note:** Skrekkur NǺ³tt in Icelandic literally translates to Scare Night (according to Google Translate, at least!) hehe :L**

2. Meeting at Sunset

****Author's Note:** Chapter 2 is here! I'm off school until 4th of June, so I'll try uploading more chapters in that time! I really want to continue writing this fanfic and I really hope you enjoy reading it! :)**

Skrekkur NǺ³tt had arrived on the isle of Berk and the young dragon trainers all made the final preparations before they set off for their meeting with a certain mysterious dragon that may or may not actually exist. For everyone in the group, it wasn't the idea of facing one of the most enigmatic creatures residing on Berk that made them excited for Scare Night; it was that all six companions were together for a night of goofing off, swapping spooky stories and NOT cleaning out their dragons' stalls. In other words, everyone was happy to finally have some free time!

Hiccup arrived at the academy around an hour earlier than necessary. He had brought his multipurpose shield, emblazoned with a silhouette of Toothless, with him for the mission. It shimmered brightly in the afternoon sun. The sky above his head was still a bright blue with tinges of pastille reds and oranges. He sat down next to the entrance of the academy, leaning comfortably against a smooth stone wall, allowing the pleasant rays of sunlight to warm his skin. Hiccup decided to pass the time by drawing artistic illustrations in his pocket-sized notebook.

With a smirk Hiccup thought, "I may not have a lot of free time, but that hasn't quashed my creative streak." He added some additional details to his most recent drawing.

Time passed for Hiccup faster than he anticipated, and just as the Sun began to slip over the horizon's edge, Astrid appeared from around the corner. She saw Hiccup leaning against the academy's walls, drawing in his notebook. It was clear from his delicate hand movements and his tongue sticking out at an odd angle that Hiccup was concentrating particularly hard on his current sketch.

"What're you drawing," Astrid asked, as she ambled her way towards Hiccup, who gave a friendly smile as she approached him. Astrid peered at Hiccup's notebook, and made a curious hum.

The drawing Astrid laid eyes upon was that of a dragon, but none like she had ever seen. The dragon was long, slender, and without legs, like a snake, but it was adorned with large, leathery, black wings on the back of its body, near the head. Two large sharp talons were attached to the wings' tips (one on each wing). Its head was proportionately small to the rest of the body, but its most prominent

facial feature was its large bulging eyes. The eyes of the dragon were clouded with mysterious shapes and shadows that twisted and intertwined with one another. The shapes looked as they would move fluidly across the eyes, if Astrid were not gazing at an illustration.

The dragon was depicted in mid-flight, its streamlined form elegantly traversing the slightly faded parchment that it lay upon.

"It's my guess as to what the dragon we're going to search for might look like," Hiccup said, as he finished shading part of the dragon's shadow against an imaginary landscape he had also drawn in the notebook. Astrid was impressed by Hiccup's attention to detail, particularly the pair of hypnotic eyes which almost leaped off the paper. Astrid shifted her line of sight from the eyes of the art to the emerald eyes of the artist.

"You drawing some really amazing things in that notebook," Astrid smiled, as she plonked herself on the ground, close to Hiccup. Hiccup blushed slightly.

"If we weren't so busy with the dragons all the time, or if you weren't next in line for chief, I could've seen you becoming a famous artist someday."

"Well, it's more of a hobby than an occupation, so don't get ahead of yourself!" Hiccup laughed, but was grateful to hear Astrid's compliment. "It's more of a tool I use to keep thinking creatively. I worry that if I don't, I'll bore myself into the same routine, without any creative output. Kind of like my dad."

Astrid nodded slowly, but giggled slightly.

"Just for the record, don't tell my dad I said that," Hiccup grimaced, knowing that he was running his mouth off. He seemed to have somewhat of a habit for doing so.

"Haha, well don't worry; your secret's safe with me," Astrid placed a friendly hand on Hiccup's shoulder smiling warmly at him. They both stared at each other for a moment until an unruly, gruff voice interrupted them.

"Hey lovebirds, are we ready to go or what?!" Tuffnut growled, while repeatedly bouncing the head of his lightweight battle axe off the ground. Hiccup and Astrid both jumped into a standing position as if shocked by a surge of lightning.

"C'mon, we're all ready to go. Woohoo!" Fishlegs cried out, as he waved a heavy hammer over his head.

"I am so gonna be the first one to see the mystery dragon tonight!" Ruffnut grinned mischievously, rubbing her hands together with childish glee.

"NUH-UH, I AM!" Tuffnut responded. The two twins were once again at loggerheads with each other.

"Can we just get this over with, already?" Snotlout moaned, conveying his exasperation for having to be in the presence of the twins all night.

"Um, uhâ€¦" Hiccup was hazed by the sudden cacophony of noise before him, a stark contrast to the peace and quiet he and Astrid were sharing only moments ago. Hiccup shook his head briskly from side to side.

"Okay, is everyone in the group armed?" Hiccup asked, eyeing everyone's weapons.

"Yes," came the synchronised group response.

"Make sure that everyone stays together. No wandering off alone!" Hiccup realised how similar he sounded to his father with that line. He cringed a little at the thought.

"Any questions?" Hiccup awaited a response, when Ruffnut stuck her hand up. Hiccup nodded at her to speak.

"Yeah, uhâ€¦ why is Tuffnut so stupid?" Ruffnut guffawed at her brother and stuck her tongue out, blowing an immature raspberry. Hiccup looked on disapprovingly. Before Tuffnut could provide an aggravated retort, Astrid stepped in.

"Tuffnut, don't bother answering that question," Astrid sighed, shaking her head. "C'mon, it's Skrekkur NÃ³tt. Let's have some fun, woohoo!" Astrid imitated Fishlegs' enthusiastic shout from earlier and jogged off at a moderate pace towards the forest, leaving everyone else in her wake. The rest of the group stood in silence for a moment.

"LAST ONE TO THE WOODS IS A ROTTEN EGG!" Tuffnut screeched, as he barged into Snotlout, who promptly fell flat on his face. Fishlegs stifled a chortle at Snotlout's misfortune.

Snotlout raised himself slowly from the floor, wincing as he righted himself. He also sustained a nosebleed from the fall. He angrily yelled at Tuffnut, and gave chase.

"You're gonna regret that, because I am very much hurt!" Snotlout limped away from Hiccup, Fishlegs and Ruffnut.

"This is probably the part where we catch up to the others who are acting crazier than a pack of Terrible Terrors who have had eels for breakfast," Fishlegs suggested.

"Yup," Hiccup agreed.

Exchanging a nod, Hiccup, Fishlegs and Ruffnut rushed towards the others. The teens of Berk wondered what the mysterious woods of Berk would have in store for them, especially when Berk was eventually enveloped in a shroud of darkness, perhaps darker than any other night.

Hiccup had a hunch that this Skrekkur NÃ³tt was going to be very interestingâ€¦

****Author's Note:** Should be some more focus on characters in Chapter 3! Fav/Follow/Review if you like this fanfic so far, thanks for reading! :)**

3. Let the Games Begin

****Author's Note:** It's finally here, chapter 3! Sorry I took a little longer to write this chapter, as I had writer's block and this chapter's actually slightly longer than the last two. I worked hard on this, so enjoy (don't forget to fave/follow/review)!**

The full moon was prominent in the night sky above Berk. When its light was cast down upon the forest, it created a world of eerie shadows, which loomed threateningly over the forest floor. The brightness of the moon somehow made the forest appear darker than it normally would, even without a source of lunar light. Usually filled with the sounds of life, from insects to Typhoomerangs, the forest was very still, and the unnatural silence weighed down in a thick blanket. A thin layer of fog wafted gently through the conifers, which only served to enhance the feeling of suspense that may be experienced by anyone who wandered through Berk's forest at this time of night.

There were six souls that wandered the forest under these conditions, but the atmosphere of their surroundings was definitely not the first thing on their mindsâ€¦

"Okay. Truuuuuth, or dare?" Astrid pointed at Snotlout and watched with a smirk as Snotlout fidgeted awkwardly in his seat on the trunk of a large fallen pine, trying to guess which option would be safer.

"Nygaaaaaahâ€¦ Truth?" Snotlout shrugged his shoulders, trying to make his reply sound airy and uncaring, but his voice wavered. Astrid saw right through him.

"If you had to make out with one of the guys in the group for ten seconds, who would it be and why?" Astrid folded her arms against her chest smugly, watching as Snotlout's cheeks turned crimson.

"_This_ is going to be good!" Ruffnut winked at Astrid, showing her approval for Astrid's devious question.

"Wellâ€¦ Uhâ€¦ I dunno!" Snotlout stammered, desperately trying to think of an escape from Astrid's trap.

"Weeee'reee waaaitiiiiingâ€¦" Astrid pulled out a small hunting knife from a sheath attached to her belt and started to spin it on the back of her thumb. "We've got all night, you know," Astrid taunted.

The young dragon trainers were slowly making progress through the forest, Hiccup marking off searched areas on a map, when he began to notice everyone's faces drooping a little. The surrounding air was as still as always, and the mystery dragon was nowhere to be found. So far, the gang's pursuit of adventure had been fruitless. A heavy cloud of boredom hung above their heads, but as of just now, they were suffering in silence. Hiccup sidled over to Astrid and nudged her to grab her attention.

"Hey, do you think that the others look a littleâ€¦ Well, bored?"

"It's just that we've been searching for three hours and we've not

even seen a single trace of the dragon we're looking for," Astrid sighed heavily, and turned her head towards Hiccup.

"It's more elusive than we thought, if it actually exists," Astrid scratched her head and squinted at the view ahead of her. She was clearly in deep thought.

"I've got it!" Astrid said in a similar tone you might expect to hear from someone shouting "Eureka!" in the presence of a brilliant idea.

"Got what?" Hiccup asked, as he and the others stopped walking, surprised at Astrid's sudden epiphany.

"Okay, admit it guys; we're bored of searching for the mystery dragon. Right?" The others looked at Hiccup, who just gave them an accepting shrug. The group nodded their heads.

"We should take a break from our search for now and do something fun."

"What would you suggest?" Fishlegs bit down on one of his knuckles nervously.

Astrid had an eager gleam in her eyes, which glowed with a childish passion. "The best game any young Berkians can play when all alone in the dead of night; Truth or Dare.

This is how the dragon trainers of Berk started their game.

"Ugh, FINE. I'd pickâ€¦ Tuffnut, because he looks most like Ruffnut out of the group," Snotlout hung his head in embarrassment. The twins suddenly looked rather pale. Tuffnut shuddered in revulsion.

Hiccup leaned in closer to Snotlout, grinning mockingly, and nudged him, saying, "It sounds like you've thought this question through in great detail, Snotlout. If I didn't know better, I'd say you think about Tuffnut every ni-"

"SHUT UP!" Snotlout pouted and folded his arms angrily. Fishlegs sniggered.

"In case you haven't noticed, it's your turn now," Astrid gestured a hand from Snotlout to the rest of the group. "Pick someone to truth or dare."

Snotlout raised his head again, feeling slightly better than he did a few seconds ago. He lazily raised his hand and wavered his index finger at the individuals sitting around the small fire they had lit.

"Hiccup. Truth or dare?" Snotlout giggled with excitement and with a slight hint of contempt due to Hiccup's earlier taunting.

"Oh great, me and my big mouthâ€¦ Dare." Hiccup's fists clenched in his lap as he steeled himself for whatever Snotlout had in mind.

"Aha!" Snotlout shouted triumphantly, leaping from his seat. "I dare you to eat this eel I found," Snotlout opened a small wooden casket

he had been carrying since they left the academy (so _that's _what was in the casket). Snotlout dangled the slimy eel in front of Hiccup's face, leering at him.

Hiccup snatched the eel from Snotlout in disgust, and frowned at the sticky residue it left on his hands as he held it.

"This is going to suck," Hiccup cringed as he raised the eel towards his open mouth. Just as he was about to take the first awful bite, the eel suddenly writhed and squirmed in his hands. "IT'S STILL _ALIVE_?!" Hiccup screamed internally.

With an alarmed gasp, Hiccup instinctively threw his hands into the air, sending the eel catapulting towards Tuffnut's dumbfounded face. With a wet slap and a yelp of pain, the eel ricocheted off his now rosy cheek and its trajectory carried it through the air in a not so gracious arc towards a nearby stream. When the eel met water, it shot off downstream, away from the group.

"Did you see that? That couldn't have landed any more perfectly!" Fishlegs burst into fits of laughter and he started rolling on the floor. Astrid, Ruffnut and Hiccup all started to hoot along with Fishlegs, all incredulous to what they had just seen. Tuffnut sneered at the four clowns, unhappy about being the current laughing stock, whilst Snotlout facepalmed, despairing at the cruel robbery of his dare. After a few more minutes of mockery and mirth, the giggles started to die down.

"Well, since Snotlout's been robbed of his aquatic friend, we'll just move on to Hiccup," Astrid winked very subtly at Hiccup, who responded with an equally subtle wink.

"NO FAIR!" Snotlout kicked the dirt at his feet in a bout of frustration.

"I chooseâ€¦" Hiccup stroked his chin as he decided on a victim. "Fishlegs! Truth or dare?"

"Well, if it's anything like the last one, then I might as well pick dare," Fishlegs cracked his knuckles, nervously internalised what act of humiliation awaited him.

"You see this quill?" Hiccup pulled an ornate quill from his pocket. "It's a special quill I made, which has a storage compartment for ink, so you don't have to keep reapplying the quill in more ink." Hiccup tosses said quill to Ruffnut who looked suspiciously at Hiccup. "For ten seconds, Ruffnut, you may use Fishlegs face as your canvas. Draw whatever you like!" Hiccup nodded at Astrid and Snotlout who quickly pinned Fishlegs to the floor. Fishlegs protested with pleas and cries, but to no avail. Ruffnut loomed over Fishlegs' quaking form, quill in hand. She giggled sinisterly.

"Aaaand, go!" Hiccup started a descending countdown from ten, as Ruffnut leapt on top of Fishlegs and began doodling crude imagery on his pale complexion.

"No, not the face! Aaaaaaagh!" Fishlegs screamed in a very feminine manner, as Ruffnut added the final touches to her impressionist masterpiece.

"â€| Two, one, time's up! Let's see what we've got."

Astrid and Snotlout released Fishlegs and Fishlegs dusted himself off of small clusters of moss, stones and dirt that had accumulated on his back.

Fishlegs turned towards Hiccup, so Hiccup could observe his human art exhibit. Ruffnut had drawn a lopsided curly moustache above Fishlegs' upper lip. Below his right eye lay a rather explicit part of the male anatomy. Beneath his other eye, in disjointed block letters were the words "TUFFNUT IZ STOOPID". Fishlegs' face drooped as Hiccup's face lit up with hilarity.

Hiccup turned to Ruffnut and said, "I'm really digging your art style, Ruffnut. You put my drawings to shame!" He buckled over starting a second laughing fit; the immaturity of the illustrations were just overwhelming. The rest of the group gave a few chuckles at Fishlegs' new appearance (Tuffnut immediately stopped when he read Ruffnut's message) as Ruffnut handed back Hiccup's quill, which he quickly pocketed.

Everyone continued to play Truth of Dare as the moon rose higher in the sky. They decided to call the game quits when Snotlout almost vomited after being dared to down an entire flask of mead (courtesy of Tuffnut). The group all felt a little closer to each other. They sat in silence for a little while, recovering the energy they had spent on good-natured banter and enjoyed the friendly warmth of the crackling fire they sat around. Hiccup gazed at the star-speckled sky, enjoying the simple pleasure of viewing the cosmic heavens above.

"You know," Snotlout looked unusually thoughtful. "I thought this whole dragon-chasing deal tonight was gonna be really lame, but it was actually pretty cool," Snotlout allowed his mouth to curl up at the sides before biting his lip, realising he was being more sentimental than normal.

"Wow, you're actually being sincere?" Astrid looked stunned. However she smiled warmly at Snotlout and everyone else gathered around the small flickering flames that burned brightly a few hours ago. "But you're right Snotlout, I had a lot of fun today."

The rest of the group agreed, nodding their heads and chattering to one another cheerfully.

Without warning, the last tongues of orange and red fire were extinguished by a torrent of unnaturally cold air. The group turned around in mild surprise towards the source of the draught. Any sound that previously carried through the air stagnated. Wisps of dead grey smoke began to billow from the fire pit, where only embers rest. A shadowy figure weaved through the nearby trees. From what the dragon trainers could make out, its form was serpentine, and caressed through the woodlands with a weaving pattern of movement.

"What was tha-" Fishlegs gasped before Hiccup quickly covered Fishlegs' mouth with his small hand. With his free hand, Hiccup placed his index finger on his own lips and hushed Fishlegs and the other group members. The temperature of the forest seemed to drop by ten degrees.

In a subdued whisper, Hiccup said, "We need to get closer. Follow the shadow quietly and cautiously," Hiccup flashed an intense glare at the twins, making sure they wouldn't make a sound. They both understood the message.

"Everyone draw your weapons and let's go," Hiccup walked towards the forest as light-footed as possible and the others followed suit.

The atmosphere had only minutes ago been that of a friendly gathering; lively, festive, everyone enjoying the midnight seclusion. Now the atmosphere had a chokehold around the group's throats. The air became heavy and suffocating, riddled with menace and apprehension. The hairs stood up on the back of Hiccup's neck, as he trailed further into the woods, where the shadows lurked even more ominously than before.

Fear clawed at the group's souls that Skrekkur NÃ³tt.

****Author's Note:** Dun, dun, DUUUN! I'm pulling my trump card; the dreaded cliffhanger. Chapter 4 will be here soon, so wait patiently fellow HTTYD fans, I plan an interesting turn of events. Until next time! :)**

4. A Tense Observation

****Author's Note:** Chapter 4 is finally here, as promised! Sorry it took so long, as I've started the new year back at high school (the UK's school system is weird) and I already have a tonne of work to do. Anyway, I whipped up this chapter in the dregs of my free time, so I hope you enjoy (don't forget to fave/follow/review)!**

The procession of dragon trainers carefully treaded through the woodlands of Berk, softening the sounds of their footsteps by stepping in patches of moss and grass. The nightmarish form they followed continued to manoeuvre through the dense clusters of trees, its footing as silent as a mouse. As Astrid was about to place her right foot forward, she halted and her pupils dilated as she realised just beneath the sole of her boot was a large twig. A twig that if stood on would make an excessively loud SNAP. Astrid carefully repositioned her right foot away from the twig and planted it on some soft lichen. A bead of sweat ran down the back of her neck.

No one in the group even dared to breathe.

The dragon veered off to the left suddenly and continued its original pattern of movement. The beast was still too far away from the group to be properly observed. Hiccup's thought process was a churning mixture of dire apprehension, crazed excitement and frustration at being tantalisingly close to the dragon, but not quite getting a good look. He also pondered what the dragon's plan of action was. Was it searching for something? Was it looking for prey? More specifically, was it looking for them? The thought of the last question made Hiccup nauseous and his legs trembled slightly.

The group's hearts were collectively beating in rapid palpitations. The sounds of their hearts pounded like a large drum against their ears.

The reptilian form was on course to pass below a rocky ledge that

jutted sharply out of the boreal landscape. The area beneath the ledge was a clearing bathed in moonlight; perfect for a brief observation. Hiccup caught the group's attention and pointed to the ledge nearby and then to the dragon that was about to head towards the light illuminating the clearing. The group could afford to increase their previously slow sneak to a moderate tiptoe, since they were further out of earshot of the shadowy beast.

Since the group managed to match the speed of their target, they arrived at the summit of the ledge when the dragon was still about 20 metres away. The ledge was oriented at a 45 degree angle, so walking up it was dangerous. Instead, the group crawled their way up the structure. Once at the peak, Astrid clung tightly to the edge, lying on her stomach, and she carefully peaked her head over the top. The others quickly followed suit.

Everyone peered over the sharp drop, 7 to 8 metres above the grassy forest floor, waiting with bated breath as the fabled Skrekkur Nã³tt dragon approached in all of its mysterious glory. Fishlegs let out a nearly inaudible gasp as a razor-sharp black talon was exposed to the lunar rays, causing the blade to glisten threateningly. The dragon's appearance was similar to that of Hiccup's artistic depiction; its form was slender and lacked legs, each of its wings was adorned with a long sharp talon. However, its face was more menacing and macabre than could possibly be depicted through Hiccup's art.

The dragon's large grey eyes practically bulged out of its sockets. The eyes had no pupils and an entrancing display of incomplete forms and swirling shadows danced across the ocular surfaces. It was a tapestry of all things enigmatic, only made more eerie by the moonlight that struck the swaying shadows at sharp angles, penetrating the haziness of the creature's vision. The dragon never blinked; its surroundings surrendered to the all-seeing eyes that pierced the night.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut both gazed at each other in awe, their eyes almost as hazy as the beast eyes they were observing. Fishlegs continued to look on in stunned silence. Snotlout's jaw dropped whilst Astrid tilted her head slowly to one side in an act of complete fascination. Hiccup carefully removed his quill from his pocket - still precariously hanging onto the edge of the incline - and began scribbling furiously in his notebook, staring at his subject almost as intently as the beast observed the forest.

As Hiccup drew, the others grew tense as the seconds ticked by. They were torn between wanting to hurry Hiccup with his documentation and continuing to be enthralled by the magnificent dragon.

Hiccup flipped his notebook shut and gave a thumbs up gesture to the group indicating that he was finished. The group inwardly gave a sigh of relief as the tension in their bodies diffused from them. Everyone stood up slowly to begin their careful descent down the weathered rock face. Everyone except for Fishlegs.

He stood up too quickly.

He slipped on a rock that crumbled beneath his footing.

He spun around on one foot, desperately trying to regain his balance.

He fell.

Hiccup reached out a futile hand to try and prevent Fishlegs inevitable tumble. Regardless of Hiccup's actions, Fishlegs plummeted towards the unforgiving ground below. Fortunately he found his fall safely cushioned by a patch of shrubs, but he was not at all out of harm's way. He realised this as the dragon whipped its head around and all traces of colour drained from his face.

Fishlegs slowly turned around to directly face the dragon, which was more terrifying at this vantage point than he could ever imagine. He was met with the ocular tapestry that swished wildly back and forth, appearing infinitely more agitated and hostile than before. For a brief moment, human eyes and dragon eyes reflected each other in a mirror image. Fishlegs could feel the dragon exhale sharply through its nostrils against his pasty skin.

Astrid was the first to snap back to her senses, as the group was rendered incredulous by the horrifying scenario before them.

"Fishlegs, run!" Astrid cried out. Her desperate shout was a harsh slap to the face that removed Fishlegs from his twisted reverie. He instinctively raised his large hammer above his head, in a defensive position, whilst attempting to quickly back away. The dragon batted the hammer out of Fishlegs' hands with ease using one of its talons and it cascaded into a thicket. The dragon then laid its sights on the group perched atop the incline, all quaking in their boots.

The demon they faced appeared to grin maliciously before hurtling itself towards the Vikings on the ledge, causing all six dragon-training teenagers to simultaneously let out a blood-curling scream.

****Author's Note:** I used a cliffhanger again! Oopsie :D If I'd had time in the last two weeks, this chapter would have been longer, but the missing content will be in chapter 5. I'll be very busy in the next few weeks, but I'll try my best to write the next chapter ASAP. Stay tuned for more, fellow HTTYD fans!**

5. (ALERT)

****Author's Note:** Just a quick alert letting you guys know that my fanfic will continue, but I am leaving tomorrow for a school trip to Italy for 10 days. During this time, I will not be actively writing, but I 100% promise I'll return to this as soon as I can.**

****Stay classy, fellow HTTYD fans! :D****

End
file.